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The True Woman.

Edited by Mrs. Charlotte S. McKay.

Vol. I.—No. 6.] BALTIMORE, AUGUST, 1871. [Price 5 Cents.

Words of King Lemuel, that His Mother Taught Him.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life.

She considereth a field and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband, he praiseth her.

[For The True Woman.]

Lives and Opinions of True Women.

NUMBER III.

MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.

By Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper,

Author of "Female Suffrage, A Letter to the Christian Women of America," "Rural Hours," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

Madame de Lafayette was much occupied with efforts to pay all debts of her husband and herself before their fortune should be entirely wrecked; she considered it a sacred duty to urge upon those in authority the legal rights of their creditors before absolute confiscation. In these efforts she was only partially successful; she was permitted to register the debts legally, but M. Roland refused to consent to their payment, although the liabilities had been incurred before sequestration. Meanwhile every exertion possible to a prisoner, in a position so remote, was made by her in behalf of her husband. Letters were written to General Washington, to Mr. Morris, the American Minister at Paris, to the Duke of Brunswick, to the King of Prussia, to the Princess of Orange, and it is needless to say that all these letters were entirely worthy of herself or her husband; they were, indeed, admirable. As everyone knows, the American Government needed no persuasion to interfere in behalf of our generous ally, but we were in those days an insignificant people. Her letters to the crowned heads remained unanswered, with one exception; the Princess of Orange, with true womanly feeling, wrote kindly to the lady in her sore trouble. There were no longer any regular mails; letters were sent by private messengers, or by chance; two poor Italian plasterers left Chavauiac for their own country, and letters for the North of Europe were sent by this round-about way. Months had passed without receiving a line from the General, when in June, '93, Mr. Morris sent two letters written by him in that horrible dungeon at Magdeburg, where he was subjected to every indignity and privation which could well be inflicted on a prisoner of state not yet condemned to death. His health was failing rapidly under this brutal treatment.

His ill-health of course increased her ardent desire to be near him. After great difficulty she obtained release from her parole, and renewed her efforts. Money was borrowed from the American Minister to pay all debts not secured, and also to provide means of support for the aged aunt. All personal expenditure was managed with the severest economy. At this period many wives of *emigres*, in order to preserve their property for their children, sought divorce, others had recourse to a simulated divorce for the same purpose. Madame de Lafayette was utterly averse to this course; to every paper she boldly signed her husband's name. And in the midst of these painful anxieties the loving mother watched tenderly over the daily life of her children, sheltering them as far as possible from the knowledge of the evils about them, carrying on their instruction herself. She even thought of little amusements for them, as she would have done in a situation more tranquil. She walked with them, or seated near some stream, in view of the fine mountains of that region, she would read aloud to them. Every Sunday she gathered the pious women of the village to pray with them and join in the devotions of the day, which were no longer celebrated publicly. The affectionate devotion of this excellent lady to her aged aunt was also very touching.

The 12th of November, '93, Madame de Lafayette received secret information that she would be arrested the next day. The following morning she prepared her family for the event. Public agents came to remove all family papers; a cart full of these, with the busts of the King and Mirabeau, were carried off to make a bonfire, about which there was a frantic dance at night. In the evening she was arrested, and with many other women, of all classes, thrown into prison. The streets of the villages were filled with children crying after their mothers! The prison was already full to overflowing; the new comers were crowded into the passages. The man in authority at that moment was violently opposed to Madame de Lafayette; he declared to one of her friends that "*he should rejoice to tear out her heart*," that "*her children were vipers.*" This legislator's name was Solorn. One of his comrades, also high in office, walked about with a wooden knife and fork tied to his buttonhole. *A wooden knife!* Fit emblem of the notions of a political gang who, sneering at all past civilization, held that liberty should wear a savage mask. Yes; that wooden knife, blunt and useless, with its outrageous absurdity, was an emblem fitting such barbarians, with a nicety most exquisite in its complete adaptation. Their wittiest adversary could have hit upon nothing more appropriate. Let us hope that the wooden knife school of social philosophy has now disappeared for ever. People seem to forget that the most highly polished society known on earth—we do not say the soundest or most healthful—was that of the great republics and their colonies. True liberty and savagery have nothing in common, and most assuredly never can, by any possibility, exist long together.

The prison at Brionde was filled with women of all classes. Madame de Lafayette occupied a passage with three laboring women. At first the noble ladies were cold and rude to the wife of Lafayette, but ere long she was admired and loved by all her companions. There was an all-pervading sweetness in her nature which never failed to soften all hearts who approached her; they turned to her for consolation, for assistance, and she delighted in rendering kindly services.

Some half dozen infirm women, still more poor than herself, were gathered by her into a little party, and were almost entirely fed at her expense. Among them was a half blind nun. She also cooked for them. The room allotted to them was only separated from the common passage by a screen. Once a fortnight, by bribing the jailor, each of the three children was secretly admitted, in turn, to pass a few hours with her at the depth of night. This was an unspeakable comfort to her. There was also a kind-hearted young girl, a child of thirteen, the daughter of the inn-keeper, who was allowed to visit the prison on errands of business; this generous child made it her chief object to see Madame de Lafayette on every occasion, though she seldom dared to speak to her, and then let the old aunt and the young ladies at the château know that she was alive and well. Threats, blows, beating, curses, ill-treatment of all kinds, never prevented this warm-hearted child from carrying out her purpose.

But fatal tidings came from Paris. The mother and sister to whom this excellent lady was so very tenderly attached, had been taken to the public prisons. Forebodings the most gloomy, and only too true, oppressed her spirit on their behalf. Soon after, in May, came her own summons to Paris. She was allowed to take leave of her children; they saw her alone, but shivered when they saw the iron manacles lying near her. Fervent, loving prayers were offered over each darling child, and then came the parting, painful beyond expression.

Prisoners were often massacred in the towns, but Madame de Lafayette reached Paris in safety. On the road she wrote to her children, urging them to *forgive their enemies heartily*. Sixty victims of the tribunals were guillotined the day she entered Paris. She was soon taken to the Plessis, formerly the college where the young Marquis de Lafayette had been educated. Every day about twenty victims left that prison for the scaffold. Twice the lady believed herself to be summoned. In moments of weakness it was her chief comfort to repeat with sublime faith the first clause in the Apostles' Creed: "*I believe in God the Father Almighty.*" She made her will; it was full of faith and piety: "*I place all my trust in the merits of Jesus Christ.*" "*I hope, O my God, to love Thee above all things. I pardon from my heart my enemies,* IF I HAVE ANY, *and my persecutors, and even the persecutors of those I love; I pray God to bless them richly, and to pardon them as I forgive them. Lord, while praying to Thee with all the sincerity with which Thy grace has inspired me, Thou wilt not reject my prayers for those I love: Deal with us according to the riches of Thy mercies. Have pity on me, O my God!*"

Fifty days were passed in the hourly expectation of death. During this period her beloved mother, her precious sister, her aged grandmother, had been taken to the scaffold; but the fact was concealed from her until a month later, when there could no longer be concealment. She was utterly overwhelmed with anguish; her whole heart was filled with those horrors; her faculties seem almost to have failed her, but her Christian submission did not waver. Ere long the holy Psalms brought her consolation. She always felt very deeply the force, the majesty, the spirit of those inspired hymns. She had received from some Christian friend a Latin Psalter; without having learned the language, her great familiarity with the Liturgy of her Church enabled her to understand many portions. Happy are those who possess them in their native tongue. But even through the veil of a dead language the afflicted lady saw much of Divine truth. No other book of devotion can ever take the place of the Holy Scriptures, and especially in hours of deep affliction.

At last Robespierre fell. The massacres ceased. Commissioners were sent to examine the prisons. At the Plessis all were released but one—Madame de Lafayette. As last of all the lady entered the hall where the Commissioners were in session, no one dared to give her name, she herself advanced with quiet dignity, declaring herself the wife of General Lafayette. She was considered too dangerous a person to be released. She was removed to several prisons in succession, and was thrown among strange companions—at one time with a party of Creoles hating Lafayette as a friend of the blacks—later with adherents of Robespierre—but in every instance she succeeded in commanding respect, and even winning kindly feeling from those about her. At length, after an imprisonment of more than fourteen months, she was released.

It was now her first object to join her husband in that gloomy Austrian prison. Her son was sent to America to his paternal friend Gen. Washington. She then hastened to Auvergne, where in a little mountain village she met her daughters—with what feelings the reader may imagine. The next day the happy party went to a distant hamlet to return thanks for her merciful deliverance. Here and there some little church was again opened for public worship. The aged aunt was still living. The three ladies went to Chavauiac, but it was only to take leave of her, for they were now all three impatient to enter another prison far away. A sea voyage and a journey most formidable to Frenchwomen lay before them; their ultimate success was doubtful, but their hearts were yearning for the husband and father lying in solitary confinement in the gloomy dungeon where none but themselves had the power to console, to cheer, to serve with loving tenderness. There was not a moment's needless delay. It was necessary to return to Paris to obtain a passport.

The lady and her young daughters set out in a cabriolet. At their first halting place a happy and most unexpected meeting took place. The younger sister of Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Grammount, and her husband, *had walked* three hundred miles from Paris to see these dear relatives. Too poor to travel in a carriage, afraid of enemies in the public conveyances, they had made the long journey on foot. The whole party again set out for Paris, taking turns in the cabriolet or in walking. The passport was not obtained until after much difficulty and delay. Madame de Lafayette, always an excellent business woman, improved the time by settling her mother's estate and carrying out the details of her will. Recent laws allowed the children to inherit from the victims of earlier years of terror. M'dme. de Lafayette now received Lagrange and other property for her share. She gave much attention to all the charitable bequests of her mother, and provided for all who had any claims on her own bounty. Everybody was poor. There was no income from the restored property, but all was settled in the best possible way. Chavauiac was re-purchased for the aged aunt. The little business journeys to Paris were made on foot for economy's sake.

At length the passport was obtained. The ladies embarked at Dunkirk for Hamburgh. Here were many French emigres, among others a sister and aunt of Madame de Lafayette. The meeting was precious but most painful. At Hamburgh another passport, under the name of Motier, was obtained as for American ladies, no French being allowed to enter Austria. After many difficulties and many anxieties they reached Vienna; the lady obtained, through personal friends, an interview with the Emperor *unknown to his Ministers.* She was received politely. Her sole request was for permission to join her husband. This was granted; but she was enjoined to ask no favor for the General. After many delays the necessary papers were at length procured. The ladies left Vienna for Olmütz, where they arrived October 1st, 1795, at 11 o'clock in the morning. They were in an open carriage; as they drew near the town the postillion pointed the spires of Olmütz. Madame de Lafayette was almost suffocated with tears at the thought of her husband's sufferings and the little hope of his liberation. She repeated aloud to her daughters a paraphrase of the Canticle of Tobit:

"O Lord, Thou art great from eternity, and Thy power shall reach to the end of all ages. Thou dost chastise, and Thou dost save. Thou leadest man down to the grave, and Thou dost raise him up again; and none can withdraw him from Thy hand. Render thanks to the Lord, ye children of Israel, praise Him before the Gentiles, for He has dispersed you among the nations who knew Him not, that ye may declare His wonders, and that you may teach them that He only is the Almighty God. It is He who has chastised us for our iniquities, and He will save us to display His loving-kindness. Consider the way by which He has led you, and bless the Lord with fear and trembling. Render praise to the Lord of all Eternity!"

The same morning they entered the prison. The first heavy gate was closed and locked upon them; they were then taken, trembling with agitation, through long passages to another heavy door, strongly barred and bolted. Within this was yet another, secured in the same way. It was unlocked, turned heavily on its hinges, and there, pale and haggard, stood the husband and father to whom they had come to offer their loving services and companionship. No language can do justice to such a meeting—one of the most touching and most beautiful on record.

A FEW iron nails placed in a vase with flowers will keep the water sweet and the flowers fresh. This arises from the sulphur eliminated from the plants combined with the iron.

[For the True Woman.]

Charitable Works of the Catholic Women of Baltimore.

By Mrs. H. C. Goldsmith.

The works of mercy in the Catholic Church are divided among her various orders, each assuming certain duties; for instance, the Sisters of Charity, who are the helpers of the afflicted in sickness and in health, and devote themselves to the sufferers of the whole world, and live, as it were, in constant contact with the world; the Sisters of Mercy, who assume especial charge of the hospitals and schools; the Carmelite Nuns, who are separated entirely from all communion with the world, but constantly send up their prayers before the throne of God for the miserable ones of the world.

The first Catholic institution, whose aims and objects we will present to the notice of the friends of *The True Woman*, is "The House of the Good Shepherd," situated on the corner of Mount and Hollins streets, founded by the noble charity of Mrs. McTavish and Right Rev. Thomas Foley, on the 4th of August, 1864. It is now a flourishing institution, and accomplishing the sacred work for which it was instituted, in a manner, successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of its founders. The cruel world destroys the poor unfortunate woman, gives her no hope, provides no asylum for her protection or redemption. She must go down, down into a bottomless pit. There must be no light or life beyond. Her wailings are laughed to scorn. Her lot has been so hopeless that prayers or tears, curses or groans, pass alike unheeded. The mother—the father—alike abandon the poor miscreant to her fate. Already 395 of these poor women have been taken in the House, of whom 203 were returned to their friends, 16 died, 15 were placed in situations, and 29 sent away as incorrigible. There are now in the House 132. We have been assured that the most touching conversions occur within these quiet walls—that women who have been most reckless, have become models of piety. Make these poor outcasts, true women, your especial care. Protect them—pray for them—give them of your abundance, and the loving Father who is in heaven, will reward it as no other act of mercy is rewarded.

The Sisters of Charity are engaged in other works so noble, so valuable to the community, that for it alone Christianity would assign them the highest place among those who love the Saviour. We refer to the Orphan Asylums, the Free Schools and the Houses of Industry. These noble women educate about four thousand girls annually—girls who, without their fostering care, would be utterly wicked. They gather up the poor, homeless little ones; they receive often children who are worse than parentless, (the children of drunkards;) they visit the lanes and alleys, the dens of vice, and receive every child their warm charity can reach After nurturing these children for years, and carrying them over the perilous hours of childhood, the same noble charity continues its protection. They are at the proper age removed to the House of Industry, where they are taught trades, and enabled to earn their daily bread and get ready for the cares and duties of real life. Such as these decorate the hearth-stone of many a happy home.

The oldest Orphan Asylum in Baltimore is that on Franklin street, which now has 117 girls, in charge of nine Sisters. These are children from three years to twelve. The house is a large, handsome structure, with ample accommodations. There is also a free school for the daughters of the poor attached to this institution, where hundreds of girls receive instructions either at nominal rates or free of charge. The description of this Asylum will suffice for all such in the city.

The Little Sisters of the Poor.

During the past few years these good women have come among us, to fill our atmosphere with an aroma of sanctity that reaches every home in our good city. They came originally from France, and started in our midst in the humblest manner. They, with the assistance of some charitable Catholics, rented a house on Calvert street, and in a short time quite a number of helpless old men and women were sheltered under their beneficent roof. They have no means of supporting these miserably helpless poor, save what they daily beg from door to door. These good women, with basket in hand, toil wearily along, asking alms, bread, clothes—anything that will sustain life and keep away grim want. After a struggle, they have at last secured a home proportionate to the demand on their charity. We think the most touching sight one could witness is to see these "Little Sisters" surrounded by their poor, to behold the touching love, the gratitude of these humble people, for the friends whom God has raised up for them in this their last hour of need. These "Little Sisters" have no property of their own—all is in common. Their trust in the Father who is in heaven is so absolute that their praying for "daily bread" is a solemn fact, as they rise from their couches every morning to visit the houses of our people, to procure the wherewith to nourish themselves and dependents. Their Home is situated on the corner of Valley and John streets, and now supports ninety inmates.

The St Agnes' Hospital.

We cannot close this little history of women workers without a mention of Sister Mary Ann, who has charge of St. Agnes' Hospital, whose name is a household word throughout our city. Whenever deeds of charity are mentioned, whenever an example of purest womanliness is wanted, when men or women speak of a real, living, acting, working Christian woman, they say like Sister Mary Ann! How many weary, aching hearts has she comforted! To how many offered consolation under the most trying circumstances, in hospitals during the most painful operations, and through many long weeks of sickness! Her long service in the Maryland University Hospital brought her in contact with every class of persons and disease, and gave ample experience for the noble work in which she is now engaged at St. Agnes' Hospital. This institution, founded by the Christian charity of a benevolent Catholic gentleman, is a few steps from the terminus of the Charles street cars, situated on a hill overlooking Baltimore, in a beautiful grove, surrounded by elegant residences and public buildings. One could desire no more pleasant place in which to be sick, especially with such attention as is given by Sister Mary Ann. Here rich and poor can find a home when sick, and many a homeless one has thanked God for this noble refuge, and the good Sisters who govern it.

There are many others who are fighting the good fight, and laying up for themselves a crown in everlasting glory. We could mention the Spaldings, the Harpers, the Baldwins, the Foleys, as among the true workers in the field of mercy, but we think our aim is accomplished. We here exhibit the beautiful picture of the true woman, who, under the sacred influences and holy teachings of Christ, are impressing the world with the truth of God's holy religion, by doing His will to every suffering mortal.

Woman Suffrage in the District.—The first bill introduced in the House of Delegates, after its organization, was one by Mr. Bursley, extending the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia to females over twenty-one years of age, and it yesterday received its quietus, the Committee on Laws and Judiciary, to whom it was referred, having reported it back and asked to be discharged from its further consideration. Mr. Bursley moved a further reference of the bill to a special committee of three, but the motion was rejected by a vote of 8 to 12.

Washington, July 8th, 1871.

The absurd fashion of adding "*ess*" to nouns which indicate persons, in order to set forth that they indicate women, is on the increase. "Authoress," "poetess" and "doctress" are examples. The *Advertiser* wants to know if we shall have *writeress, secretaryess, treasureress, singeress, teacheress*, &c. There are certain words where the termination "*ess*," to distinguish gender, is proper, but the frequency is not such as to establish a principle.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

An estimable lady in Massachusetts lost her life a few weeks since in consequence of using the acetate of lead in a preparation for the hair. It produced insanity, which terminated in suicide by drowning.

The True Woman.

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Baltimore, Md., August, 1871.

New Subscribers will receive all the back numbers of The True Woman, beginning with March.

Shall Women be Forced to Vote?

This is the title of a Sermon by the Rev. J. O. Means, from which we quote in another column.

We are glad that clergymen in different parts of the country are making this subject a matter of serious thought and duty. They no longer regard the movement for the ballot for woman as the chimera of diseased and discontented brains, which may easily be set aside, but as an impending evil, to be grappled with, and resisted to the uttermost.

We believe that a thorough canvass of all the women in the country, with reference to this question, would show that a large majority have, by reason of the burdens, cares or frivolities with which their lives are filled, no interest in it whatever. Of those who do feel a degree of interest in it, and would deprecate it as an evil, there are two large classes who are prevented from taking any action in the matter—the one because they regard it as a foregone conclusion, a result sure to come and which no amount of effort could avert; while the other class look upon it as the wild movement of a few fanatics, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

We do not place ourselves in either of these classes. We believe that the resoluteness and persistency of the men and women who have espoused this cause will succeed, unless they are met by strenuous opposition; but we believe also that the men and women who are opposed to it can, *if they will*, bring such a weight of influence to bear against it as will have a determining power on our legislators.

There is still another class of good, intelligent and influential women, who, while they do not desire the ballot for their sex, hold themselves aloof from any resistance to it, because, as they say, "there is much that is good for women mixed up in the movement."

Now we readily concede that there is much that is good for women mixed up with what may be called the woman movement in general, but we do not concede that there is anything good for her mixed up with the Ballot. That, we believe, would be an unmixed and unmitigated evil. That the good which is mixed up in the woman movement is not dependent on, or connected with, the ballot, has been conclusively shown by such writers as Revs. J. O. Means, J. W. Hough, J. D. Fulton, R. L. Collier, and many others, who are continually laboring to elucidate this point.

And here is just where we join issue with the Woman-Suffrage Party, and while we desire sedulously to promote all that is really good for woman in the woman movement, we will strenuously resist the placing in her hands of that dangerous gift of the ballot, which, we believe, would be for her only a snare, a stumbling-block and a recompense of evil.

Discussion of the Woman Question.

From "My Wife and I," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in the Christian Union.

"And now, I'll tell you, Ida, just what I think; you *good* women are not fit to govern the world, because you do not know, and you oughtn't to know, the wickedness that you have got to govern. We men have to know all about the rogues, and the sharpers, and the pickpockets, and the bullies; we have to grow hard and sharp, and 'cut our eye-teeth,' as the saying is, so that at last we come to not having much faith in anybody. The rule is, pretty much, not to believe anybody that you meet, and to take for granted that every man that you have dealings with will cheat you if he can. That's bad enough, but when it comes to feeling that every *woman* will cheat you if she can, when women cut their eye-teeth, and get to be sharp, and hard, and tricky, as men are, then I say look out for yourself, and deliver me from having anything to do with them."

"Why, really!" said Eva, "papa is getting to be quite an orator. I never heard him talk so much before. Papa, why don't you go on the platform at the next Woman's Rights Convention, and give them a good blast?"

"Oh I'll let them alone," said Mr. Van Arsdel; "I don't want to be mixed up with them, and I don't want my girls to be, either. Now I do not object to what Ida is doing, and going to do. I think there is real sense in that, although Mother and aunt Maria feel so dreadfully about it. I like to see a woman have pluck, and set herself to be good for something in the world. And I don't see why there shouldn't be women doctors; it is just the thing there ought to be. But I don't go for all this hurrah and hullaballoo, and pitching women head-first into politics, and sending them to legislatures, and making them candidates for Congress, and for the Presidency, and nobody knows what else."

"Well," said I, "why not a woman President, as well as a woman Queen of England?"

"Because," said he, "look at the difference. The woman Queen in England, comes to it quietly; she is born to it, and there is no fuss about. But whoever is set up to be President of the United States is just set up to have his character torn off from his back in shreds, and to be mauled, pummeled, and covered with dirt by every filthy paper all over the country. And no woman that was not willing to be draggled through every kennel, and slopped into every dirty pail of water, like an old mop, would ever consent to run as a candidate. Why, it's an ordeal that kills a man. It killed Gen. Harrison, and killed old Zack. And what sort of a brazen tramp of a woman would it be that could stand it, and come out of it without being killed? Would it be any kind of a woman that we should want to see at the head of our government? I tell you it's quite another thing to be President of a democratic republic, from what it is to be hereditary Queen."

The whole controversy (Woman's Rights) "is a monstrous absurdity;" "an insane insurrection against good manners;" * * "an impertinence." * * * "For the wrongs that remain in the position of woman, let her not, in the name of all that is lovely, and all that is wise, go to a separatist convention, nor to the platform, nor to novel schemes of political economy or social re-organization, but to that moral tribunal where she is sure to win her cause. Let her be content with the possession and exercise of power in all its higher forms."—*From Bishop Huntingdon's Sermons for the People.*

Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, appointed two women, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Stevens, to the office of Justice of the Peace. The Council, not agreeing, referred the matter to the Supreme Court, which decided that women are not eligible under the laws of Massachusetts to that office.

[For the True Woman.]

Lines

TO A NOT BEAUTIFUL, BUT VERY GOOD WOMAN, IN HER COFFIN.

"To every seed its own body."

Worn out vestments of a soul
Which at best ye did not fit,
Willingly away we roll
Shreds that long encumbered it.
Let our fancy and our faith
Follow this dear spirit where,
Far beyond the realms of death,
It doth don the raiment rare,
Fine and fair,
Suited such a saint to wear.

Ah! celestial shape alone
Can express her, as she seems
Imaged clear, and inly known
In the substance of our dreams.
What the eyes, whose gentle beam
Tell her tenderness above?
What the lips, whence fitly stream,
Like the cooing of a dove,
All the love
That in her did melt and move?

What the fairness, that can show
All the candor of her mind?
What the features, wherein flow
All her feelings, warm, refined?
What the form, that lithe can fleet
Swift as was her wish to bless?
How be fashion'd the feet
That would fly to aid distress?
Who can guess
All her utter beauteousness?

Vainly borrow from the earth
Semblances to match her now,
Maidenhood's unsullied worth,
Childhood's white unruffled brow,
Flowers that ever fragrance breathe,
Music gushing rapturously,
Charms from all we may enwreathe,
Yet she cannot portrayed be;
Dull and dree
Such mere terrene imagery.

'Mid supernal presences,
Whose are "joys eye hath not seen,"
Forms are one with essences.
'Scaped from earthly mould, I ween
In beauty far 'yond all we know,
She expands in heavenly air;
All who see her will avow
That her aspect, sweet and fair,
Radiant, rare,
Is what such as she should wear. E.

Shall Women be Forced to Vote?

We find in the *Congregationalist* for April 27th, a sermon with this title, by the REV. JOHN O MEANS, Boston Highlands. Text—2 Samuel xx: 16–19. We would gladly lay the whole of this excellent production before our readers, but our limited space admits only of the concluding argument:

THIS STEP IS BACKWARD TOWARD BARBARISM.

Thus now the matter stands in the judgment of women themselves. This movement, if it means anything, means that women shall be forced to vote. They are not indeed to be arrested by a press-gang and dragged to the polls But the heaviest constraint, that of moral obligation of the most momentous character, is to compel them to leave the sphere they choose, and mingle actively in political life. If any take the ballot, all must. As the lowest, the most ignorant, the vilest, are sure to use it and be used in it by political gamblers, the intelligent, thoughtful, virtuous women, must endeavor at least to balance them and save the State from utter ruin. They must yield to the constraint and do their reluctant duty. Now they that are peaceable and faithful in Israel feel that this ought not to be forced upon them. They say that they are suffering no exceptional wrongs to right which society must be overturned; that such disabilities as they are under cannot be corrected by the ballot; that they decline no natural right, and forego no natural duty; and that they wear no badge of inferiority, in refusing to vote; that they have other duties in society and another place ample enough for them to fill—more work now than they can do, that is almost crushing them; that their voting is not the one thing needful to strengthen and buttress up our institutions; that already in strictly womanly ways they are legitimately shaping society to an immeasurable extent.

There need be no questioning but this movement has originated in an honest desire to benefit woman and society. It is an illustration of what has been said, that what we need for advancing civil and political reforms is not more of the sentiment and moral feelings, but more of the capacity to see things in the daylight of reason and practical experience. This scheme, in its aim and method, expresses a type of intellect deemed specifically feminine; the noblest end aimed at and pursued with glowing enthusiasm; the method not wisely chosen, so that instead of advancing, it will inevitably defeat the object. Bringing woman into all the competitions with man, forcing her to share evenly with him in all pursuits; this instead of elevating society, is a step back into barbarism. We stand now in the broad meadows of civilization, which we have reached after a long and weary pilgrimage through the very region of that sort of equality of the sexes which this measure contemplates. We have tried that type of society, and risen out of it. In all savage tribes the women do all men's tasks. In the older nations to-day women have no such spheres as with us; they must do anything that man does. Where the division of duties does not take place, as with us; where women, with no regard to sex, are put to any business, as it is proposed to do here, the condition of woman is that of an animal of so much muscle and so many instincts. We have emerged into the land of promise, and though much remains to be done for women and men both, let us not go back into Egypt. In Egypt I have seen women watching at the corners, and following horses and donkeys and camels through the streets, to scrape into their aprons with naked hands, the manure which might fall. In beautiful France, between Paris and Strasburg, I have seen a man holding a plow with reins and whip, and a woman and a cow yoked together for draught. In Germany I have seen women driving ox and cow teams of carts loaded with building stone; with hatchets clearing up the thickets, and cutting fuel; carrying brick and mortar up ladders to the masons. In England in the mines of Cornwall, girls and boys harnessed together, crawl through narrow adits and exits, hitched to a car of ore, the girls half-clad, and scarcely more humanly treated than beasts of burden. In Europe generally, women are compelled to do any sort of work with men; take up any business like men. It is proposed to import that style of civilization into this fair land.

"Ah; we do not propose any such thing; we only want women to share the privileges of men." They cannot share the privileges without sharing the burdens. They must take it through and through if they take it at all. They cannot preserve the privileges now freely and joyfully accorded to women and also take such as go with manhood. The effect of this revolution will be to abolish distinction of sex in civil and political society. The ballot is only one thing, but it means of necessity that the whole sphere of man's civil life shall be entered by women. It means taking woman out of the range of special duties which from the foundation of the world have been thought appropriate for her, and putting her in competition with man in all offices and responsibilities, making her take her chance in the struggle for existence, precisely as any man takes the chance; ignoring the primeval fact of difference in sex. Not so is woman to be elevated and man ennobled. No. Instead of becoming less womanly, in the highest civilization she is to become more so. With amplest opportunity for educating her nature on every side, welcome to attempt anything she wishes to achieve, let her not be forced to assimilate herself to man. Have ye not read that He which made them in the beginning, made them male and female?

From foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery;
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisoned error's serpent head;
Good Lord, preserve us free!

ONE Ida M. Smith, a Boston female suffragist, gave a lecture in Tamworth, one evening last month, and at the close called on those present who were in favor of female suffrage to rise, upon which just three persons—two men and one woman—rose.

THE Methodist Conference, at Pittsburg, refused by a large majority to authorize the ordination of women for the ministry.

LUCY STONE says, that "one hundred Woman Suffrage tracts will convert a *small* town." Query: How small?

Three Pieces of the Woman Question.

DR. HOLLAND, IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

FIRST PIECE.

A survey of the States of the Union, and of the Union under the general government, will show to any candid observer that the legislation of the country, in all its departments, is above rather than below, the average moral sense of the nation. The fact is seen in the inadequate execution of the laws. There are many statutes relating to public morals and civil policy which appear to be the offspring of the highest and purest principles, that stand as dead letters in State and national law, simply because the average moral sense of the people does not demand and enforce their execution. They are enacted through the influence or by the power of men of exceptional virtue, who find, to their sorrow, that while it is easy to make good laws, it is difficult, and often impossible, to execute them. So far as we know, it has never occurred to them to call for the assistance of women in the execution of these laws, nor has it occurred to women to offer their assistance to them for this end. One or two questions, suggested by the discussions of the time, naturally grow out of this statement.

First:—Is it of any practical advantage to have better laws, until the average morality of the people is sufficient to execute those which we have?

Second:—Is it right that women should have an equal or a determining voice in the enactment of laws which they do not propose to execute, which they do not propose to assist in executing, which they could not execute if they would, and which they expect men to execute for them?

Third:—Supposing that women would give us better laws than we have (which is not evident), what would be the practical advantage to them or to us, so long as they must rely upon us to execute them—upon us, who find it impossible to enforce our own laws, some of the best of which are the outgrowth of the pure influence of women in home and social life?

SECOND PIECE.

In national and international life there are policies of action and attitude to be adopted and maintained. These policies sometimes cost a civil war for their establishment or defense, and, not unfrequently, a war with related nations. It so happens, in the nature of the case, that no single nation has it in its power to abolish war. The only way for a nation to live, when attacked by foes within or without, is to fight; and, in the present condition of the world, a national policy which has not behind it the power of physical defense is as weak and contemptible a thing as the world holds. Out of this statement, which we presume no one will dispute, there arise two questions.

First:—Would a lack of all personal risk and responsibility, on the part of those delegated to establish and pronounce the policy of a nation, tend to prudent counsels and careful decisions?

Second:—Is it right—is it kind and courteous to men—for women to demand an equal or a determining voice in the establishment of a national policy which they do not propose to defend, which they do not propose to assist in defending, which they could not defend if they would, and which they expect men to defend for them?

THIRD PIECE.

Mr. Gleason, the Tax Commissioner of Massachusetts, reported to the Legislature of that State in May, that a tax of nearly two million dollars is paid annually by the women of the State on property amounting, at a low valuation, to one hundred and thirty-two million dollars. The fact is an interesting and gratifying one, in every point of view. Naturally it is seized upon by the advocates of woman-suffrage, and brought prominently forward to assist in establishing woman's claim to the ballot. The old cry of "no taxation without representation" is renewed, however much or little of essential justice may be involved in the phrase. Well, if women are, or ever have been, taxed as women (which they are not, and never have been); if they produced this wealth, or won it by legitimate trade (which they did not); if the men who produced it received their right to the ballot by or through it; if nine-tenths of the wealth of the State were not in the hands of business men whose pursuits have specially fitted them to be the guardians of the wealth of the State; if the counsels of these tax-paying women could add wisdom to the wisdom of these men; if the men who produced this wealth, and bestowed it upon these women, did it with distrust of the laws enacted by men for its protection, and with the desire for the social and political revolution which woman-suffrage would produce, in order that it might be better protected; if there were any complaint of inadequate protection to this property on account of its being in the hands of women—if all or any one of these suppositions were based in truth—then some sort of a plea could be set up on Mr. Gleason's exhibit by those who claim the ballot for woman. As the facts are, we confess our inability to find in it any comfort or support for those who seek for the revolution under consideration. On the contrary, we find that the ballot as it stands to-day, with its priviliges, responsibilities and limitations, secures to woman complete protection in the enjoyment of revenues which are proved to be immense, all drawn from land and sea by the hands of men whose largess testifies alike of their love and their munificence.

A MARRIED woman may sue and be sued in actions of tort for damages for personal injuries in Massachusetts, by a law just passed.

Extracts from Letters.

[*From Dr. James Fischer, Fort Smith, Ark.*]

MADAM—I read with pleasure your interesting paper, and am in full sympathy with your noble undertaking. It is of the greatest importance to our country, for the Woman-Suffrage movement is a cancerous disease in the social and domestic life. Herewith I have the honor to send you a list of subscribers to *The True Woman*, and also a petition to Congress, according to your request, signed by ladies of my acquaintance.

[*Des Moines, Iowa.*]

I am quite certain that a large majority of the true women, wives and mothers, of our States, are not in favor of Woman-Suffrage, and if the thousands who are opposed would work as hard as the hundreds who are in favor of it, Congress and our State legislators would soon know how to decide.

[*San Francisco, Cal.*]

Our friends here are much interested in your paper, and I hope to send you many more subscribers. Those who have control of the Woman's Rights movement here have disgusted all decent people, and driven off many who at first were with them from principle.

[*A Boston Clergyman.*]

I am glad that you and your associates are taking hold of this matter in earnest. Not enough is said against the movement for Woman-Suffrage, because it is thought not at all likely to succeed.

Unless there is a manifestation of the feeling that really exists against it, by mere default the measure may be carried.

[*Daily Alta Californian, San Francisco.*]

Miss Susan B. Anthony lectured last evening at Platt's Hall, before a large audience, on the power of the ballot. The lecture was dry and uninteresting; and many left the hall disappointed. The power of the ballot was illustrated as giving power to workingwomen to form leagues, inaugurate strikes, as men do, and obtain from their employers better wages and easier times. They have already formed leagues in many of the cities of the East; they have often struck for wages, but the strikes ended in disastrous failures. Miss Anthony's use of the ballot for ladies could do them little good. Any favorable impression made by Mrs. Stanton the previous evening, Miss Anthony succeeded in removing.

Random Shots.—No. II.

"*He drew a bow at a venture.*"

MRS. EDITOR:—I send you another installment of Random Shots, gathered during the month from various sources. I hope you will find them useful to your paper.

ADVANTAGES OF REAL CULTURE.

"I shall not cease to repeat it; the day

when I first succeeded in selling my water color pictures, I felt myself elevated above men. I had conquered that which they had of advantage over me, without losing what I had naturally over them. My husband could abandon me, keep my dowry, play me thousand and one ill turns, to which husbands seem to have a right towards their wives, but I was no longer obliged to put up with it; I had conquered my personality. I made money with my intelligence and ability absolutely like a man, and I was not obliged to shave, to mount guard, nor to wear a hideous costume."

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON ART.

"Sweets to the sweet," says Shakespeare. Women have a natural taste for all that is beautiful, elegant, brilliant and rich. It is a taste to which must be attributed the greatest progress in industry and the arts In France I know that formerly true poets of all kinds, writers or painters, labored only for women. In this we are like our ancestors, the Gauls, who, "knowing nothing but the savage rule of war, were, above all things, touched by the praises of women after the combat, says Tautus.

"Do you wish," said Madame Necker, "to make an opinion prevail? address yourself to women. They receive it readily, because they are ignorant; they spread it rapidly, because they love to talk; and they sustain it for a long time, because they are obstinate."

EMPLOYMENTS FOR WOMEN.

Let us restore to women *all those employments, to perform which, do not require a man's strength, either bodily or intellectually.* Let us make it so that women can gain their own living, for without that, temptation and danger beset them Let us keep our contempt for shame, but do not let us pour it out over poverty or misfortune.

PLATO'S IDEAS OF THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

Plato, in his "Republic," a work repudiated alike by Christian and by Pagan ethics, anticipated the equality of the sexes. But in doing so, he lays great stress on the only difference which *he allows* to exist between them—the physical. Much of his legislation is based on this difference, and devoted to the regulation of its natural results. Ought not a commentator to emphasize these facts in some way, when it is remembered that our modern equalizers are most of them always trying to elude the consequences of these results?

THE REAL DIFFERENCE OF THE SEXES.

That the male is born to become INTELLECTUAL, reason may see from various things, from his *affection*, his *application*, his *manners* and his *form*. This AFFECTION, in that it is that of knowing in childhood, of understanding in manhood, and of being wise in old age; his APPLICATION, which is to such things in which the understanding predominates, most of which are to be done away from home, and relate to public uses; his MANNERS, in that he wishes the actions of his life bear the stamp of rationality; his FORM, in that he is diverse and totally distinct from the female form.

But that the female is born to be AFFECTIONAL may be similarly seen by scanning what she *loves*, to what she naturally *applies* herself, what are her *manners*, and what her *form*.

DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Formerly, at balls, young girls were always dressed in white, or in light, delicate floating materials, corresponding to ideas of innocence, simplicity and purity. They wore only flowers for ornaments, generally natural ones—never jewels. Now they wear dress of heavy rich materials, so striking in style, that they can only be put on once or twice in a season. And they make their appearance more showy still, by large, fancy and expensive jewelry. Formerly the pretty white dress was only varied by a new ribbon, a floating sash, fresh and sweet, and apparently as *untouched* as the wings of a butterfly, seemed to suggest all that sacredness of person, that is the charm of young girls. Now the magnificent toilettes that are worn mingle many other ideas, with the poetic and joyous thoughts that should be inspired by the sight of a lovely maiden Men begin to calculate the cost of all this. And many girls keep that respectable title longer than they like, by the very means they take to make themselves appear more charming.

Is this style of dress either in good taste, or an evidence of good sense?

Woman's Rights.

AS SET FORTH BY DENNIS M'FLYNN.

Hurrah! for the time is a comin'
Whin ladies shall vote like the min;
Och, won't the polls be a bloomin'
Wid fithers and crinoline thin.
Election day thin I am thinkin'
Will be the great day of the year,
Whin lassies an' lads will be drinkin'
Together the candidate's beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy
About who the livin' shall make?
An' sure, if 'twill plase her, I'm riddy
To give up the hod for her sake,
An' be stayin' all day at the shanty
To 'tind the domestic affairs,
A boilin' the beef an' petaties,
An' mendin' the rips and the tears.

Thin whin election approaches,
An' the lassies are marchin' the strate,
Wid big bands of music and torches,
An' Biddy is standin' the trate,
I'll be on the sidewalk hurrahin'
For me own darlin' Biddy McFlynn,
Wid a child in me arms, an' drawin'
A cab wid another one in.

An' when she is makin' her spaches
Before the great min of the land,
Sure thin I will lind her me braches,
And sit by her side on the stand;
An' afther she's done wid her talkin'
Och, thin, how the people will cheer,
An' off to the polls be a walkin'
An' votin' for Biddy, my dear.

An' whin all the votin' is over,
An' Biddy's elected, sure thin
I'll live like a pig in a clover,
Wid Hon. Mrs. McFlynn.
The shanty I'll quickly be lavin'
An' livin' wid illigant taste,
Wid a horse an' a shay for me drivin',
An' a nagur to wait on the baste.

It's niver a lie I am spakin'
But thrue every word that I say,
It's meself 'twould niver be takin'
The rights of the ladies away.
If a lassie, thinkin' it proper,
Should shoulder the mortar an' brick,
Bad luck to the thafe that would stop her,
I'd black his two eyes purty quick.

The way is for all to kape aisy,
An' give to the ladies their way,
They'll trip up and vote like a daisy,
No matter what blackguards may say.
An' thin, should they office be sakin',
Or twirlin' the pick or the spade,
An' for us the livin' be makin'
Who cares, so the livin' be made.

[Translated for the True Woman.]

My Aunt Catherine.—No. V.

A NORMANDY STORY.

[*Concluded.*]

During seven years that my Aunt Catherine continued to live she kept her bed, but with an unalterable good humor, reading her prayer-book and taking her snuff or her coffee, her only nourishment. She was attended by one of her nieces, whom she had bequeathed her poor pensioners. This niece was a good soul, like herself, who accepted as a benefit this legacy, which consumed all her fortune. Frequently we wished to induce my aunt to quit her bed.

"You will limp, but you will certainly be able to walk, and probably without much pain."

"The worms have eaten all my clothes," said she, "and I would be obliged to have some made."

"Nothing easier," we replied.

"Ah, you are laughing at me. Does one make up new clothes to go into the other world?"

Her confessor—a venerable old man—being dead, she received, towards Christmas and Easter, the visit of the priest who had succeeded him as vicar. This was a little, puffy, fat man, with frizzled hair, for whom she had a repugnance which she could not dissimulate. This man resembled anything rather than a priest, she said

"Why do you not have the other vicar come to see you, my good aunt?"

"That is very soon said; but I should lose by the change, What should I do then?"

In these last days I saw her but rarely, once or twice a year, perhaps. I lived in Paris. Every time I came to see her I brought her a new pair of spectacles. These spectacles gave her special pleasure. Her sight was gradually failing, but she

thought that, like everything, spectacles wore out I took care always to bring a pair a little higher in number than the last. The last time I saw her she was overflowing with fun and gaiety. She told me how a rat had tried to eat her up in her bed.

In fact, she had been slightly bitten on the foot by one of these animals. I spoke to her of having a hunt, of emptying the closets in order to get rid of this dangerous guest.

"No! no!" said she, "you will derange everything here. Let everybody live in peace until I go away."

She did not linger long. One day, as her niece was absent, having gone for a half hour to low mass, my Aunt Catherine died without any one knowing anything about it. She did not die. She fell asleep in the rays of the sun that came in through her window.

She was buried in the greatest simplicity, but the whole country, in tears, followed her to the cemetery. Over the graves of the rich there are stones and inscriptions—over hers there is only a small wooden cross.

But she has left a memory, an example, that has fructified. There is no Commune in France so benevolent as the Commune of D———.

"Labor, in order to acquire; acquire, in order to give; give, in order to return to God." Such was the evangel and the life of my good Aunt Catherine.

Book Notices.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S COUNSELLOR AND FRIEND, Containing Directions in every Department of Housekeeping, Including the Duties of Wife and Mother. By Mrs. Mary Mason. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

Written at the South, but filled with instruction adapted to all latitudes, and a book which we cordially recommend as an invaluable aid to young housekeepers *everywhere*.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY. A Society Novel. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)

Those who have been charmed by reading this story in monthly installments in "Old and New," will be the first to seize and give it a re-perusal in the attractive volume now presented to the public by the Messrs. Roberts. Full of deep and serious thoughts and truthful delineations of character, in some instances painful and humiliating to both men and women, yet clothed with that exquisite grace and delicate humor which flows so easily from Mrs. Stowe's pen, we can bestow no higher praise than to say that in this work she is fully equal to herself, and earnestly hope that its teachings may be as effective as the story is entertaining.

LITTLE MEN: LIFE AT PLUMFIELD WITH JO'S BOYS. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)

Like all of Miss Alcott's stories, fascinating, humorous and instructive, natural in description and healthy in moral tone, it cannot fail to charm both young and old, and is doubtless destined to as great a success as *Little Women* and *An Old-Fashioned Girl*.

ART—ITS LAWS AND THE REASONS FOR THEM, Collected, Considered and Arranged for General and Educational Purposes. By Samuel P. Long, Counsellor at Law, Student of the English Royal Academy, and Pupil of the late Gilbert Stuart Newton, Esq., R. T. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)

We welcome with delight this beautiful contribution to art literature. The mechanical execution of the book—the paper, type, illustrations—are all in harmony with the subject, the treatment of which renders it worthy of a place in every library, a fitting companion for travelers in art lands, and an invaluable aid to practical students and lovers of art in general.

BEHIND THE BARS. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)

A book full of suggestions which deserve careful consideration. Written by one who has had personal experience in an insane asylum, with the humane desire of calling public attention to some of the evils which exist in those institutions, as well as to guard against too ready a resort to them by persons whose slight mental aberrations might be more successfully treated at home, it is well calculated to enlist popular interest, and we earnestly hope for it an extensive circulation. "Assuredly," says the editor, "whatever tends to throw a ray of light upon this dark valley of the shadow of death, is of infinite human concern."

THE WIFE OF A VAIN MAN. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)

This is one of a list of thirty-two novels, by the distinguished Swedish writer, Madame Schwartz, to be given to the American reading public by the enterprising publishers above mentioned. It is a story of more than ordinary interest, which no one can read without deriving from it useful impressions, with the moral, forcibly conveyed, that vanity sacrifices everything to itself, and in the end its possessor. An excellent companion-piece to *Pink and White Tyranny*.

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